

# A HAPPY HOUSEHOLD.

By MARGARET LEE,

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## CHAPTER XVII.

The Everetts were absorbed by the misery and horror connected with the uncertainty as to Mr. Everett's fate. Gradually they realized that another and still greater sorrow threatened them. The air was filled with rumors that could not be traced; the daily papers printed paragraphs without signatures. All hinted disgrace, ruin and cowardly flight. Statements, boldly printed on one day, would be withdrawn obscurely on the next, leaving left their sad effects on the broken-hearted family. The press maligned itself, and seemed determined to prove itself not only unjust but merciless. To satisfy the public's demand for news the most sacred of human rights were violated. Defence was just as impossible as redress. Everett kept the papers from his mother and Mollie; but Rose carefully read and collected every item of interest and information. A week had passed since Everett's visit, and she was busy one afternoon in her own room when she saw a carriage at the gate, out of which stepped a woman in black heavily veiled.

It was Mrs. Everett, and she was shown up directly to Rose, with whom she begged a private interview. Her manner was sad and collected, and together with her mourning gave Rose a painful impression. Her tones were measured, as if she had nerved herself to a certain purpose and was determined to carry it through. She ignored Rose's anxiety and went directly to the point.

"You can do us a great, a lasting service, Rose, if you will."

"I?" Rose was sitting quite close, facing her.

"Yes. Perhaps you know that Mr. Everett is engaged in some very large operations. I cannot explain them in detail. I can only tell you the present condition of things. His friends are satisfied that if he had been here to carry them through they would have turned out successfully. As matters stand, there is nothing to expect but complete ruin, and, with it disgrace."

"Why do you hurt yourself speaking of this? You know that we believe in Mr. Everett's integrity."

"I want to make you aware of the urgency of the case—to put you in possession of the facts. This is the fifteenth of the month; on the twentieth several of Mr. Everett's notes fall due. If they are protested, then his credit will be shattered and ruin is inevitable. You are too young to understand it; but is like pulling out the corner-stone. So far, every effort has been made to protect his reputation. So much depends upon it. Not our fortune only—hundreds will lose by his failure. It can be averted if some one with the adequate means will come forward and guarantee his creditors against any loss. If these notes are promptly met, confidence will be restored, and his speculations, daring as they may appear to some, will bear proper fruit."

"What a grand, wonderful idea! Can such a person be found?"

"Yes. Everything necessary can be done. His notes will be promptly accepted, his fair fame saved, his fortune preserved to him—to us if he is dead—all this will be properly done if you will consent to a proposition that I am here to make to you."

"Oh, Mrs. Everett! What a strange speech! What is there that I would refuse if by doing it I could help Larry?"

"Would you sacrifice yourself—your own happiness—to secure his?"

"I can't follow you. What do you want me to do?"

"To give him up."

"Give him up?"

would rest with the three of us. Will you promise?"

"I must think."

"Oh, but the hours are flying; and this horror is killing us!"

"Where is Larry?"

"He was telegraphed from Boston. Some man was found dying in a hotel there. Your good father went with him; I had his message this morning just as I was leaving. The man was a stranger. I want to get home before Larry. I sent Mollie to Daphne for a few days, and I am supposed to be confined to my room, unable to see visitors. Won't you decide? How can you hesitate if you really care for him? If you want to prove your love for him here is your chance. Rose, you cannot realize what is before us if this crash comes. Larry knows nothing of poverty. It is very interesting in books and romance, but he has never wanted a thing a moment longer than was necessary to get it. Then imagine disgrace for our portion—to descend to all who come after us—a stain that is never lost sight of—never forgotten—that nothing can wipe out! Oh, I tell you, death is something to be desired in such a time as this! I only live to prevent this shame, this slander, these foul charges, that no one can disprove, from falling upon my children! Rose, have pity!"

"Mrs. Everett, listen. I will do what I think is right; but I must think. You must let me have time."

"Well—but how long?"

"I can write—to you—when—I write to—Larry."

"You will write to-night?"

"To-night—so soon? No—I must have one night to myself—one night to consider—to live it all over!"

"Another night of horror for us!"

"But, indeed, I'll try to do right!"

"If you would only promise!"

"I'll promise never to mention this interview."

"And the other promise?"

"We have still five days—surely you can give me one to myself."

"Why do you think of yourself? You are so beautiful, young and attractive. Larry is only one of many who admire you."

"I'm too excited to answer you."

"And I must go. Don't come outside with me. The carriage is waiting, and I'll take the next train to New York. No one knows of this visit. Is your grandmother here?"

"She is lying down. She has felt this trouble very much. You know, she is very fond of the Everetts."

"Perhaps for her sake you will save us now."

Mrs. Everett went quickly from the house. Rose went about her ordinary affairs in a certain mechanical manner that habit had made possible, while her thoughts wandered. When her father was absent she saw to his share of the household arrangements—a duty that took her out of doors and abroad. It so happened that on this day there was no important matter to attend to. She could roam about the garden or sit down with her problem; no one wondered at her abstraction; it was only to be expected under the circumstances. The strange part of it was that when she attempted to reason beyond what Mrs. Everett had so explicitly stated her mind would not work. The idea of giving up her lover—of breaking her engagement—would not be taken hold of by her mental processes. Her heart felt like a stone. She could not eat, and her grandmother observed, but made no comment. She was not sleepy at her usual hour, but she went to her room and sat by the window, wondering at this torpor of mind and body.

Toward midnight there were sounds of an arrival. Rose ran out into the wide hall and saw her father and Everett entering the one below her. The lamplight shone on their tired faces, and she went rapidly down the staircase and surprised them by her appearance. She kissed her father and then turned to Everett. Something in his haggard features pierced her heart. She per her arms around his neck and her cheek against his, and he held her without speaking.

"I am hungry!" said Mr. Minturn. "Come, pet, isn't there something nice in the cupboard? Larry and I got a bite at six o'clock; but it was poor stuff." He followed Rose into the dining-room.

"You must get him to eat and drink, and we'll have to keep him here for a day or two. The boy is nearly crazy. Take my room and have I made up for him. It is the quietest and coolest in the house. Control yourself, my child. Fretting isn't going to bring back Everett or pay debts. Come use your sweet head, love!"

He hugged her passionately and went back to Everett, who had thrown himself on a lounge in the hall.

Rose summoned her most helpful mind, and, losing sight of herself and her problem, devoted her thoughts to Everett's comfort. She even felt a desire to eat, and beguiled him into sharing things with her. His manner was even more pitiable than his appearance. The depression of despair had possession of him; and his perfect silence regarding his own condition was most discouraging. He agreed to remain over the following day, in the hope that the absence of excitement would prove beneficial, and went off to his room, promising to sleep. The next day when he appeared in the garden Rose was shocked at the change in him. The lamplight had been very considerate. He read her face and spoke sadly.

"Rose; it isn't being just to you to bring all our misery into your life. I

want to have a little talk with you. Where can we go?"

"In the library," Rose led the way with a strange sense of pain making her heart throb rapidly. Everett spoke with embarrassment.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"For several days I have intended to write to you; but I am cowardly when it comes to the point. It is still harder for me to hold you to your promise. I am no longer in a position to offer marriage to any woman. Let me be frank with you. It is not poverty alone; no honest man should fear that. It is disgrace that I have to meet."

"Oh, no—you do not believe that!"

"Your father has heard it all gone over by business men. We think that father was perfectly upright; but there are others who have it in their power to charge him with false dealing. You could scarcely understand the transactions. The results are disastrous."

"Can't something be done?"

"I fear not. No one man could risk the necessary capital, and we cannot find several willing to undertake such complicated speculations. Brewster is so hopeful. He insists that he could carry everything if he had a good backer."

"Did you think of Mr. Pounce?"

"Pounce! You might as well appeal to his old bronzes!"

"The Japanese, I suppose; they are so hard looking."

"She met Everett's glance. Her eyes were bright with purpose; his were sunken and full of inexpressible grief. He caught her hands with sudden strength, speaking passionately.

"Do you know that it isn't this idea of disgrace that hurts me most? I would give the rest of my life just to put my arms about my father's neck, as you did round your father last night. If I could see him just long enough to make him feel that I do love him and appreciate him now I should be satisfied! I took all his devotion as a matter of course. I never gave him a thing worth having in return."

"You mustn't say that. He didn't think so. He was as proud of you as he was fond. I know, because we talked about you so often. I don't think we mentioned anything else."

"Sweetheart!"

"Larry, how you must suffer when you can ask me to give you up now, when I feel that you are a part of myself! We seem to belong to each other."

"But think of this awful shame—"

"It isn't yours. And if it were I can share it."

"I'll have nothing after the worst is known."

"Daddy will give us our bread and butter until you get some money for yourself."

"You are a loving child, Rose—a baby still."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because you know nothing of the world."

"I know a very nice little bit of it, including you. Do you know that you are acting like somebody else? Where is your hope? Do you hear from college?"

"Yes, I have the kindest letters. Everything is offered to induce me to hold my position there. I thought of leaving; but I overlooked the matter. There has been so much to think about; every day brings its own troubles."

"What lovely hours we have had, Larry!"

"Yes, they are all over now."

"I wonder why I think of them when I should be absorbed in your troubles. A Happy Household."

I lay awake last night, going over the ball at Sherry's. The waltz music rang in my ears. It was so charming and you came so late."

"The train was behind time."

"Yes, and you were so excited about it that you grew handsome."

"No, I have been thinking about it for days. It only takes fifteen minutes, you know, to be married! That is the easiest part of it. We can go to the rectory with daddy and grandma, and Mr. Proctor will marry us. Then I can go to town with you."

"My darling! Do you suppose I would accept such a sacrifice?"

"You mustn't use that word. Why, you read history. Think of all the good women who have found means to help their husbands! If I were your wife I am sure I could assist you. You see, people always sympathize with a wife."

To Be Continued.

## CAME IN A TRUNK.

But he might have worked his game simply as a guest.

Two well-dressed men from Paris drove up to the best hotel in a country town in the department of the Eure a short time ago and engaged a double-bedded room. They deposited a very heavy trunk in a corner and then went out to see the town, telling the landlady, a widow, that they would return at night. But night came and the two men did not come back at the time specified. The landlady waited, much surprised, and kept her establishment open after the usual hour for closing. This was soon observed by the local gendarmes on duty, who entered the hotel and reminded the proprietress of the place that the curfew, or its modern substitute, had tolled the knell of parting day, and that it was full time to extinguish lights in all inns and cafes. The widow said she was waiting for two men who had left a big trunk behind them. This caused the gendarmes to reflect a little. One of them, well versed in criminal annals, suddenly remembered the Gouffe case. He also thought of the young stamp collector who was murdered in Paris a few years since, and whose body was thrust into a trunk. Anxious to secure all the credit of a discovery which might lead to promotion and glory, the gendarme learned in criminal lore asked the widow to let him see the trunk, and told his companion to wait for him at the bar or bureau of the hotel. The landlady accordingly led the man to the room and he began to gauge the weight of the big box, when suddenly a wiry little man, who brandished a big revolver in his right hand. The widow screamed and the gendarme was temporarily thrown off his guard, but he soon pulled himself together and grappled with the person who had been acting Jack-in-the-box. The other gendarme, hearing the landlady's shrieks and the suffling overhead, was soon on the scene of action, and helped his colleague to manacle the mysterious person who had jumped out of the trunk and to take him to the lock-up. There the fellow refused to give his name or to say anything about his companions, who are supposed to have returned to Paris, leaving him to plunder the town when its owner and her servants were asleep.

## IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

How a Sergeant-Major Helped the Chaplain Out.

A new person who joined at a large home station was most anxious to improve the general conduct of the parade service. Amongst other things, he decided to adopt the eastward position during the recitation of the Creed. Only the color, who in a garrison church are those members of the band whose instruments are unsuitable for church music, would be affected, as they alone occupied side pews. There was no aggrieved parishioner to consult, and the matter could be easily arranged at the weekly practice. But the chaplain was disappointed. The effect, however much as it might have satisfied him as an ecclesiastic displeased him as a soldier. His idea was to repeat the first two words himself and make a pause; then, as he spoke again, the choir were to turn as one man and proceed with the declaration of their convictions simultaneously. But from the chaplain's point of view the rehearsal was most slovenly, and he confided the fact to the sergeant-major, on whom he was paying a call next day. Then the sergeant-major advised. "If I might suggest, sir, I'd just let things be 'as you were' this Sunday, and I'll step up next practice." The chaplain gratefully acquiesced and at the next practice the sergeant-major accordingly stepped up. No possible circumstances or set of conditions can eradicate or even dull the military instincts of a sergeant-major. He had a short conversation with the chaplain, and then addressed the choir. "Now, men," the mere sound of his voice was electric. No little band boy now lolled on the choir desk. The third fingers of the hands were on the seams of the trousers and the heads erect. Even the man struggling with the bassoon sat to attention. The sergeant-major proceeded. "When you 'ear the 'oly man say 'Hi b'lieve' not a move—then words is only cautionary; but when he starts on 'Gord the Father, round ye go on yer 'eels.' Then to the chaplain—'N... sir, you try.' The chaplain was wise enough to note that the scared words had been uttered and received in perfect good faith and without a semblance of profanity, so he thanked the sergeant-major and "tried" forthwith. Success was instantaneous.

## A Canadian Medicine.

WHICH HAS MADE A WONDERFUL REPUTATION THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Every Cure Published is Investigated by a Responsible Newspaper—The Advertiser Has Looked Into and Gives Below the Particulars of One of These Cures.

From the Advertiser, Hartland, N. B.

The Advertiser has come across still another instance of the remarkable curative powers of the famous Canadian remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. William Tiedie, of Lower Brighton, a prominent lumberman and farmer, came very near being a cripple from rheumatism, the dread disease so prevalent along the St. John River. Mr. Tiedie is now 65 years of age. Five years ago he was taken with the first symptoms of rheumatism—over exposure, the stream drives and the general hard life of the lumberman, paved the way for the lodgment of the excruciating disease. The symptoms first manifest were pains through the legs, arms and hands. Gradually conditions grew worse. At intervals there would be an abatement of the malady, but for months each year he was very nearly helpless. The pain was so agonizing that sleep was out of the question, and to work was impossible. The afflicted man had so often read of the wonderful efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in cases similar to his own, that he resolved to try them. He says, however, that he was not hopeful of receiving much benefit, as he had tried many medicines without any good result following. He began the use of the Pills and by the time a couple of boxes were used he found they were helping him. This encouraged he continued the use of the medicine and gradually the pains and soreness left him, he was able to sleep soundly, and enjoyed an excellent appetite. In fact after using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for less than two months Mr. Tiedie says he found himself in the best of health. He is now a warm friend of this great medicine and urges similar sufferers not to experiment with other medicines, but at once begin the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and disease depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

## FORTIFICATIONS IN WAR.

For All Time They Have Cut Quite a Figure.

The Bible and ancient and modern historians have left valuable records how the security of empires and efficiency of armies have been maintained by proper systems of defence, and how empires have fallen and empires have become demoralized when the art of fortification has been neglected or held in abeyance. As a type of ancient fortifications the massive works of Nineveh and Babylon, the wonderful combination of fortifications round Jerusalem, the Long Walls of Athens, and the Great Wall of China may be enumerated. The gigantic works of Nineveh and Babylon more resembled works of nature than those of man. They did their work faithfully for long periods of years. The fortifications of Jerusalem held out and kept at bay for three years the armies of Imperial Rome.

Passing along "the river of time" at a rapid rate the Wars of the Roses and the civil war, which subsequently raged in England, frequently tested the strength of the fortifications of many English strongholds. The Duke of Wellington, during the Peninsular War, by means of a few miles of rough fortifications, maintained his position within the lines of Torres Vedras for a whole winter, and having the sea for his base kept up his supplies, and defied the efforts of the French armies to displace him. It is well recognized by historians that in the Continental Napoleonic wars of the last and present centuries the battles of the Pyramids, Uim and Jena would not have decided the fates of those campaigns had the cities of Cairo, Vienna and Berlin been fortified. The uncouth hastily thrown-up earthen fortifications round Sebastopol not only arrested the march of the allied armies on that fortress after the decisive battle of Alma but leaved upon them and the nation a terrible blood and war tax for very many months.

## A FIFTH SEASON.

In northern Russia a month of October is characterized by features so remarkable that it is reckoned as a fifth season, coming between autumn and winter, called the *rasputnya* season. It is nearly coincident in time with our Indian summer, but is more regular in its occurrence, and lasts longer. The word "*rasputnya*," says Mr. Trevor-Battye, a recent traveller in Russia, means "the separation of the roads." During the season bearing this name the country is impassable, owing to the thawing of the first frosts and the blocking of the streams with broken ice. The land resembles a quagmire, and even the government postal service is suspended for a month.